My dear Marie Rome Scala Santa, June 6th 1878

Altho I have so many letters to write in consequence of my illness, yet I feel that you have the first claim.

I am glad to tell you that I am getting on slowly to a greater degree of strength. Tho' I cannot do much, I hobble about with my stick but since Eleanor got me the new carpets I have never had a tumble, so I still think it was the old ragged carpet that made me fall

Your last is very interesting, sorry I am that I cannot give you any advice or aid about poor Caroline, except that I am sure there will not be any war, & that when the Council takes place, she will have a chance of getting away & getting her money

We are now approaching the great heat & I am looking in my Journal to see how I stood it. For I cannot think of Tivoli, the journey would kill me, I cannot take more than an hour drive every 2d day then good D. goes with me, moderation in every thing keeps me well, but I am a little put out at the unpleasant decrepitude of age to which I am obliged to descend & to study its

Walter's visit was a great blessing & I still feel the good effects of it, the medicine he recommended has done me great good - my painting languishes for I am little equal to it

yet I am considered that my last two workers are among my best & as I begin really to pick up I'll go on & hope – Your bleeding at the nose I find is nothing but the trouble & may leave good effects on your health

Sometimes I feel lonely, but I read continually, the Newspapers come every day & I have plenty of books but my hands "out of drawing" I cannot amuse myself like my piano which is a great drawback

This ruled paper is a great bore & I'll never try it again – In America they have got me in a letter on my Heart friendship, Heart being very high just now

Miss Sellier & her brother John have made me a visit of a very pleasant kind, & la Signora Vittoria, made the dinner in my large room, but I was taken short in the middle of it & had to run for it, but as my age these things will happen – Fortunately I have great patience which saves me on all occasions & is a great blessing

You begin to have fine weather which I hope will continue & that you will get out a little in a cab

Now I should like to know Mr. Anderson, for he must be a very clever man, I like he has made the "chinck" by Young Emma if she remembers ever going to paint at Hampstead & the brute of a gardener abusing us like pickpockets

Your loving brother Joe

This is my bad writing, but this ruled paper has put me out